# COMMENT COMMENT

As you have probably noticed by now, the look of M.C.A., the newspaper of the Massachusetts College of Art, has changed since last year. There are reasons for this and we, the editorial and design staff, think you should know of them. First and most important, our budget was cut from $3100 to $200 in one, big, chop at the budget meeting this year. That $1100 was intended to be used to further increase the circulation of school oriented news through the Mass. Art Community by distributing the Faculty Bulletin, prepared weekly by Mr. John Butler, to the entire student body. As of yet we haven't received the Bulletin, but hope it will be distributed soon.

Now, with just $2000 in the bank, limitations on all phases of publication are severely limited. On the bi-weekly basis of last year we just managed to pay all our bills in May. With funds reduced by ½, some major reorganization was in order. After many discussions with production staff and student body alike, here's what we've come up with:

Since the news dept. will be taken over by the Bulletin, we thought we would try to move into the area of thematic presentation, that is, each issue would be built around a central idea, illustrated both graphically and literally. This will take a little time to get rolling, but we figured that by throwing the whole thing wide open more people could contribute, with everybody enjoying themselves a little more than before.

There'll be no more world shaking topics of cataclysmic school interests or dis-oriented, fragmented, art or writing. We hope we will be able to tie everything up in each issue, but like I said, it'll take a lot of work, so please bear with us.

Here's some tentative topics for future issues. Tentative is emphasized, let us know how you feel about these: If you like 'em send us your much needed contributions, if you don't, how about some better ideas and some work to illustrate your point, because mere suggestions alone don't fill our papers.

* Next issue will be our Gala Christmas Issue. This one's wide open, so get your creative brains on the seasonal track. A prize (of some sort) will be awarded for the best origin of the true meaning of Christmas! Be sure to have yours in by December 4th, in time for this issue. We've got some wild ideas but we just can't do everything, so get in contact with us and we'll put you to work, writers and artists alike.

* *

Other ideas for 1973 are:

* Mass. Art — the Reality and the Rumor.
* Super Graphics — a totally pictoral issue.
* Satire, Humor and General Nonsense.

As you can see we are not thinking too far ahead which brings us to another important point. Because of the budget for this year, the frequency of M.C.A. will be affected, making it impossible to continue as a bi-weekly. So we have worked out a rather flexible system which gives the greatest number of issues for the money. We will be publishing roughly every month and varying between copy on one side and two.

We find these changes exciting and promising as we look to the future. In short, we hope to have more fun, more plain 'ol enjoyment from M.C.A. this year so please give us a hand through your contributions and comments.

Please address all comments, proposals, and condemnations to M.C.A. in the Newspaper Box in the Faculty Mailroom on C floor or to myself personally via my mailbox.

Bob Gould

# MCA THANKSGIVING PLACE MAT

November

GO AWAY KID, YER WASTIN' YER TIME... I DON'T DANCE WITH DONUTS.
SCOOT ZOW!!
SWING DADDY-O!
BIG HAMBURGER ONION RINGS
OOH YEAH, YEAH YEAH YEAH
CRUDE CRUDE..
VULGAR
LOW...
PLEASE?
ROCO ROCOCO'S COFFEE HOUSE BEATNIK BAND
OOH, ROCO
SCRITCH
BROUGHT TO YOU THIS WEEK BY THE WONDERFULLY WACKY AND WILD— WILLY AND WALLY WIZZER!!

## "A MOST ELABORATE MOUSETRAP" OR HUMOR & THE EMBOSSED IMAGE

I'm certain that Japanese color woodcut artist, four hundred years ago, never imagined the eventual emergence of embossment as a major printmaking medium. They created it, in the 1600's, as a decorative embellishment, for their color relief prints.

Except for several embossments, which appeared in 1800's Paris publications, the medium is one of 20th Century predominance. Beginning experiments were done in Stanley Hayter's Atelier 17, in Paris, and later forwarded by the embossed spatial statements of Boris Margo and Josef Albers (both of whom had emigrated to this country).

In the 1950's and 1960's, the medium underwent a change. It fell under the hands of printmakers: Omar Rayo, Michael Ponce de Leon, Angelo Savelli, Garner Handy Tullis, Naomi Savage, Ezio Martinelli, Harold Paris, Hugh Townley, myself, and several others.

The medium was described as "elegant, pristine pure, adaptable to strong architectural statements, etc." .....until later plates entered the etching presses of Rayo's and my own. The results became prints entitled "Water Please?" and Federalist satirical images, by Rayo, and "The Foundation", "A Most Elaborate Mousetrap", "Female Torso", "Suburban Landscape" and etcetera, by my hand.

Why did this happen? I feel that artists take themselves too damned seriously! Dedication is admirable...self-enshrinement is a pity.

Incongruity is the basis of American humor. Why not depict the commonplace object in the royal robes of pristine purity and obvious elegance? "Mousetrap" is nothing more than a reverse Rube Goldberg contraption. It's a joke, at best.

The employment of the embossed image is that of an idea-oriented medium. The actual execution is simple. Cut the negative matrix plate out of one or more glued layers of good quality, illustration board. Soak sheets of D' Arches Cover Stock, Rives Heavy, Morrila, D' Arches Watercolor Paper or other comparable paper (for one hour or more)! Dry to dampened state between blotters! Lay paper over printing plate, cover with one-inch foam rubber blanket and thin wool blanket! Run through. etching press at appropriate pressure! Voila, you have embossment!

Robert J. Benson
Asst. Professor of Design

## THE SPLENDID MCA GALA ...

Mass Art celebrated its 100th birthday of promoting the growth of culture in our environs with a big splendid art auction. The cream of the Boston Art Enthusiasts made its way into our scholastic sanctuary to wave their little white cards in the air, but alas, their jewelry was too heavy. In the pre-auction social hour, I noted predominantly Pucci's 1970 Spring Collection in the foyer, with a sprinkling of Bill Blasses and a late Gernreich in the halls.

"Don't you just adore this New Realism?" cooed a miniskirted sophisticate with streaked hair and aviator glasses, the new Gloria Steinham Look. "It's so, oh, you know, so . . . so . . . REAL!"

"Oh, I definitely agree," her companion assented, gesturing with his delicately filed hand, "Notice the divine tonality of the pigments which are applied to the canvas exquisitely balancing hue, chroma, and value equally throughout the composition."

I happened to walk past an obese tuxedoed man attempting to expound Neitzche's theories on art to an illiterate Italian. "In art, man takes delight in himself as perfection . . ."

An air of elegance infested the place. A crowd had gathered around the sculpture table, emitting noises of praise.

"Such social relevance!" cried one.

"A splendid commentary on the increased mechanization of daily living!" cried another.

I ran over to see the object of such praise. A clay toaster lay on the table in which two stale pieces of bread were enclosed.

"This is a fine work of conceptual art depicting the staleness, the sterility and crumbiness of contemporary society," commented a wormy looking cripple observing a slice of crusty bread in his claw, "Man does not live by bread alone."

The atmosphere in the beer room was unpretentious. The smell of dirty dungarees accosted one upon entering the dimly lit abode. Gentleman Jim Chiavelli graciously manned the foamy assisted by gum-chewing hip-swinging saloon girls in humble attire. Finely honed intellects either lay sprawled across the tables or engaged in "rap sessions."

"Hey man, take a toke of this home-grown stuff. It's organic," mumbled one of Them, attempting to adjust his purple flowered headband.

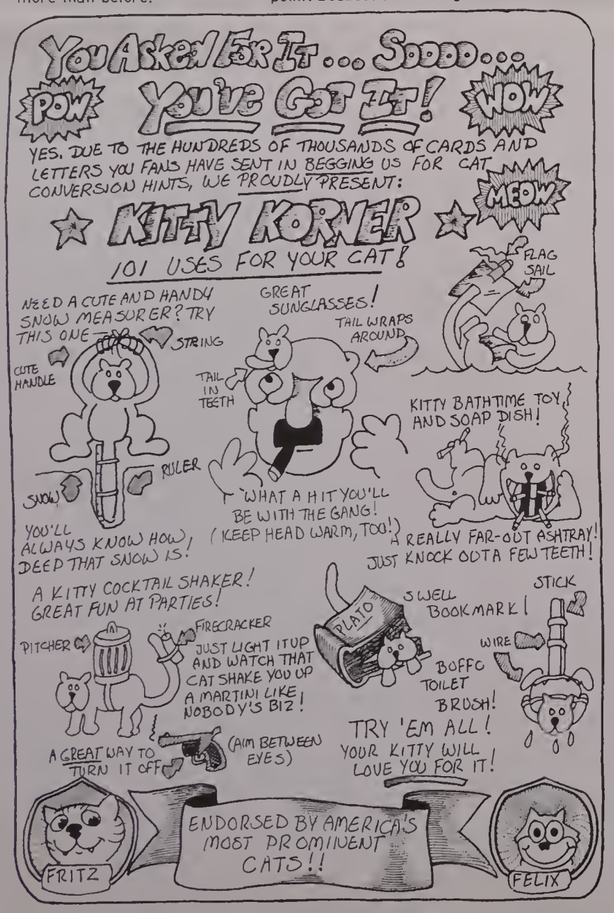
"Here," whispered one of Them, pulling a sugar cube out of his Frye boot, "Turn on to this really fine stuff. It's out-a-sight."

## GASS AND HEART OF COUNTRY

was fourteen, classically insecure for that age, and new in a town whose children practiced a policy toward outsiders usually reserved for lepers and syphilitic terminal-acne cases; a policy that aided me in maintaining a totally friendless vacuum for most of my first school year there. my closest contact with fellow ninth-graders came about every morning in history class where i was terrorized to a near frenzy by the town's resident homocidal maniac. so it was with something less than whimpering paranoia that i darted about the halls of the junior high, awaiting the day that would inevitably arrive when some nit would discover me strolling about in a pair of unmatched socks or with my fly down, whereupon, i'd decided in advance, i would suddenly whirl and disembowel myself (thus drawing forth possibly the only positive reaction i would ever receive from my classmates).

it was the day my friend the homocidal aspirant was performing his personal interpretation of the Boston Strangler upon a student in front of him that i was due to remain after science class to make up a quiz i'd missed because of a fractured ankle (an accident greeted by the kids with their usual curious mixture of mocking hilarity and fridgity or not greeted at all). it was towards the end of the day when science class finally ended and i desperately needed to go to the bathroom but was afraid to ask the teacher for permission for fear that someone would overhear my request and instantly set the class to heckling me for indulging in such shameful and unnecessary perversions. and so i unscrewed the wrinkles of 110% pain from my face and hobbled as manfully as one can with a cast on his leg into a small adjoining room to take my quiz, confident that there they'd find my body hours later with a gaping hole in my side where my kidneys had decided to shoot their way out. i almost made it too, but for the one moment i allowed my will-to-survive to slip, the moment the floodgates quietly slipped open and refused to close. it was over after a few paralyzing seconds of wondering where it was all coming from. and i was soon casting about the small room in search of something with which i might rectify the situation, like a razor blade or a sink to drown myself in. but it proved to be a typical room of science, walls lined by glass jars stuffed with frozen fetuses and the like and counters covered with jugs containing who knows what. suddenly though, i was filled with hope, for it was to be one of these jugs that would provide me with the means to escape this trap; i would take one and spill out its contents upon the floor and myself and claim to the teacher that i'd accidentally knocked it over and could i please go home because my cast might get wet and start to crumble and i'd be a cripple for the rest of my life. and so i seized a likely-looking prospect, gave it a sniff, offered up a quick prayer to the effect that i hoped it didn't contain any corrosive acid that would vaporize my leg, and went about my business. in the end it worked like a dream and was marred only by the fact that as i bobbed triumphantly out of the room someone very snidely remarked that i'd just wet my pants. a remark answered instantly by a smile that i hoped said i though that a very funny suggestion and maybe you should get run over by a tractor on your way home.

Brian Cody


YOU ASKED FOR IT... SOOOO...
POW
YOU'VE GOT IT!
WOW
YES, DUE TO THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CARDS AND LETTERS YOU FANS HAVE SENT IN BEGGING US FOR CAT CONVERSION HINTS, WE PROUDLY PRESENT:
KITTY KORNER
MEOW
101 USES FOR YOUR CAT!
NEED A CUTE AND HANDY SNOW MEASURER? TRY THIS ONE
STRING
CUTE HANDLE
RULER
SNOW
YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW HOW DEEP THAT SNOW IS!
GREAT SUNGLASSES!
TAIL WRAPS AROUND
TAIL IN TEETH
WHAT A HIT YOU'LL BE WITH THE GANG! (KEEP HEAD WARM, TOO!)
FLAG SAIL
KITTY BATHTIME TOY AND SOAP DISH!
A REALLY FAR-OUT ASHTRAY! JUST KNOCK OUTA FEW TEETH!
A KITTY COCKTAIL SHAKER! GREAT FUN AT PARTIES!
PITCHER
FIRECRACKER
JUST LIGHT IT UP AND WATCH THAT CAT SHAKE YOU UP A MARTINI LIKE NOBODY'S BIZ!
A GREAT WAY TO TURN IT OFF
(AIM BETWEEN EYES)
PLATO
SWELL BOOKMARK!
STICK
WIRE
BOFFO TOILET BRUSH!
TRY 'EM ALL! YOUR KITTY WILL LOVE YOU FOR IT!
ENDORSED BY AMERICA'S MOST PROMINENT CATS!!
FRITZ
FELIX

## COOKING CORNER

### HOW TO LEARN TO FEED A HUSBAND IN JUST ONE YEAR.

Recipes & quotes... Exerpted from an article by Cynthia Kellogg in the November issue of Womans Day.

We thought that the highly adventurous Mass. Art Community would be interested in These favorite few recipes of our country's most famous self taught chef, Tricia Nixon! That's right, these pearls of culinary delight are straight out of her secret vault of Man-pleasers, she says of Ed Cox, her famous husband:

**"He's very easy to please. He's like my father — a good sport who will go anywhere and eat anything."**

If your man's anything like Tricia's Daddy, try whipping up one of the following tantilizers and watch the sparks fly!

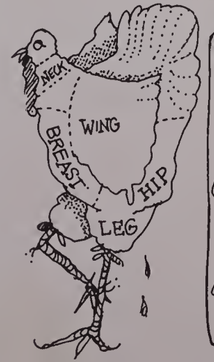
- **Frozen Egg Rolls!** (much better than the real thing, cheaper, too!)
- **Almond or Fortune Cookies!** (Bought) (For that touch mystery)
- **Ginger Rice!** Cook as directed on box put in serving dish. Sprinkle with ginger
- **Hot Tea!** (Much better than cold)

...And the sure-fire favorite of Friend and Family alike:

- **Twinkle Surprise!** Mold your favorite ice cream around Twinkie and top with a favorite fruit — strawberry, Blueberry, cherry, etc.

Happy Gorging!

**Note;** Any emphasis on Oriental Cuisine is occidental.

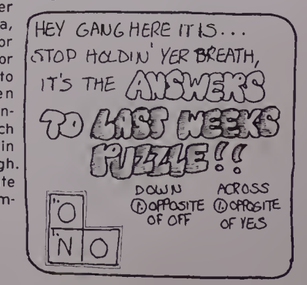


THE CHILDREN'S CORNER ooo
HEY, KIDS! THIS WEEK IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FABULOUS
CONVERT-A-PETS!
SO GRAB YOUR SCISSORS AND PASTE AND CHANGE YOUR DOG INTO A
LITTLE BROTHER!
FABULOUS EH? WELL, HERE'S HOW
① GRAB THE LITTLE BEAST
② GIVE HIM A SHAVE*
③ TAPE BOARDS UP LEGS SO THAT HE NOW STANDS UP!!
SEE! HE LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE BROTHER ALREADY! IF THE TINY DARLING TOPPLES OVER YOU CAN... NAIL HIS FEET TO THE FLOOR! HE LOVES IT!!!
④ STAPLE HIS EARS DOWN! CAREFUL! DON'T HURT HIM!
⑤ TUCK HIS TAIL INTO THE HOLE JUST BELOW, IT. THAT'S WHAT IT'S THERE FOR! (HIS BARKS ARE MERELY BARKS OF JOY) !!!
⑥ NOW YOU'RE READY TO DRESS HIM! SELECT THE SMALLEST PAIR OF UNDERWEAR YOU HAVE AND A T-SHIRT THAT YOU THINK HE MIGHT LIKE— PERHAPS SOMETHING THAT WILL SET OFF HIS DANCING EYES!!
ADD SHOES ETC.
LITTLE BROTHER!
*SAVE THAT FUR! LATER ON YOU'LL NEED IT FOR YOUR PLASTIC BABOON ASS!!!!

NAME THAT CIGAR!!
JEEZIS... HMM... JOSE? MMM... CHARLES? HOOVER? XANTHOPHELES? HMM...
TONY!
FIDEL?
JIMMY!
YOUR NAME HERE
THE CONTEST THAT'S GOT ALL AMERICA IN A FRENZY!!
PETEY..
JOE?
DON...
RONALD... PHILLIP...
JIM!
MANNY!
HEY! REMEMBER ALL THOSE NAMES YOU AND YOUR MATE THOUGHT UP FOR YOUR CHILD AND IT WAS STILL BORN? WELL, C'MON! LET'S PUT 'EM TO USE! C'MON, AND NAME THAT CIGAR! WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? BILL? BOB? JULIO? C'MON, AND GET THOSE ENTRIES IN! WINNER RECEIVES A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF PLASTIC STRAP-ON BABOON ASSES!
SO HOW ABOUT THAT!

# FLASH

Here's a news flash that concerns all at Mass Art interested in getting the entertainment **You** want to see. The films for presentation by the film series next semester have not yet been chosen. Many films are available so in order to get a better idea of your personal favorites; those you'd love to see again, take a few moments to jot down list of films and drop it off in the newspaper box or my mailbox. We'll see that the Chairman of the series gets them and we'll do our best to secure the most popular. To see all your favorites absolutely free, write now!



Nov 1972